

Fifty Cents the Year --- Nine Numbers

The Forestonian

Vol. III

Mount Vernon, Wash.

No. 2

A DREAM

Claude Degering

I turned away with a weary heart
From the world and its false delight;
And I roamed like a shadow alone,
Where the forest was dark as night:
Afar from the pleasures where bright lights
gleam,

I sought for my solace and dreamed a dream
Of the days when men would some better be;
I dreamed of a mansion built for me.

I turned again to the busy world,
With its pleasures forever vain;
And I thot all that's hollow shall end,
But the good must for aye remain:
But Oh for the thot of the days to reap,
When perchance in the old cold earth asleep,
Our coming King we'll wake to see;
I dreamed of a mansion built for me.

NOVEMBER 1914



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N. J. Moldstad & Company

"The Store with a Conscience"

The Forestonian

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THE VALUE OF TIME

Katie Bell

"TIME is the stuff of which life is made" has been said by one writer. Life is the fabric which we weave, time may be compared to the warp and that which we put into it the woof. There is not a person who does not in his inmost heart desire that his fabric, life, shall be a valuable one. If he makes it so he must realize the value of the most important part, the warp or time. However, we see many lives that are seemingly worthless. The reason is that the weaver does not sense the value of his warp, or he does not know how to use it to the best advantage.

Many value time in the same way that they value money. If they have a large sum of money they do not think of spending it foolishly, carelessly, or throwing it away. But the few dollars, dimes or cents are that of as little value, and they need not be so careful as to how these are spent. So it is with time. We value to some extent the days, the weeks, the months, and the years, but seem to forget that these are made up of minutes which must be prized as highly. You know it is the little things that count.

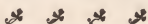
Jesus taught us a lesson in the value of little things when after feeding the five thousand he said, "Gather up

the fragments that there be nothing wasted." In this he does not design to teach we are to be saving with food only, but in everything which is of value we are to gather up the fragments. Many of our great men and women have made themselves so, because they realized that the passing moments were valuable, and learned to use these fragments advantageously. Perhaps all have heard or read the statements telling what can be accomplished by rightly using spare moments; moments when there is seemingly nothing to do, or when we might better be doing something else than what we are doing at that time. In the matter of spending our spare moments in reading we are told that one hour a day drawn from frivolous pursuits and profitably employed would enable a man of ordinary capability to master a complete science; one hour a day would make an ignorant man a well informed man in ten years. Books have been written, inventions and discoveries have been made, and many things have been accomplished by the spare moments having been used by some.

You who do not realize the value of these precious moments, do not rob the man who does by using his time in aimless chitchat, but rather take lesson from him in time economics. If you do that he will receive a double blessing; that of having gained some personal benefit, and of having taught you a lesson. You in your turn may then teach by example some one else the value of time.

Time may be wasted not only in idling it away but by doing our work in such an aimless, half-hearted way that when the day is gone we have not accomplished more than half what we should. Every moment of time given to us is precious and we must regard it as such if we expect to be able to render unto the Giver our account without fear and trembling. We are told that of no talent which the Lord has given us will he require a more strict account than of our time.

We would all do well to read the article "Time" in "Object Lessons" page 342, then heed its instruction, "The value of time is beyond computation."



PROFESSOR NELSON

Pearl Houde

IN one of the flourishing cities of Montana, a small lad made his appearance in or about the year 1894. Seven irresponsible summers were passed in this locality ere the duties of school life were begun.

He first attended the Great Falls public schools, completing five grades there. From the beginning of his scholastic career he showed a remarkable degree of application to his studies and always stood at the head of his classes.

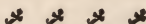
When school opened in Seattle in the fall of 1906, Andrew Nelson enrolled as a pupil at the Broadway High School. After spending three years here he entered Walla Walla College.

At the age of fifteen he began to take an active part in church services and in the same year was also baptized, uniting with the church at College Place.

Altho he was exceedingly fond of sports, especially baseball and tennis, he never indulged in them to the neglect of his studies. At the College the same indomitable spirit conquered all obstacles and the remaining years of high school and college were met and crowned with abundant success.

During the summer vacations he was employed in the canvassing field and here as elsewhere his efforts were faithfully rewarded with the fruits that are born of perseverance.

Upon completing his college course he was sought out for work in this closing message, and we are privileged to be associated with and receive instruction from him.



THE PROSPECTS OF FOREST HOME

Andrew N. Nelson

THEY are bright.---As bright as the golden-red canopy of clouds that this evening lay above us, waving westward brighter and brighter, out o'er the mystic Pacific. Bright days are ahead for the loyal students of Forest Home. In face of the undaunted courage of all connected with the school, obstacles must fall. Look at any Forestonian! Is there failure in his eye? Not at all. Naught but gleams of success.

The labor of the last few years have not been in vain, and the time has come for Forest Home to move ahead. All the Forestonians are in a winning race.

Our ideals are high and ever rising, and the realities will be giving the ideals a merry chase this year.

During the present stretch of sunny weather, while snow-capped Mount Baker, smiling over on evergreen foothills, reminds us that winter is near, our boiler has been granted a vacation in a Mt. Vernon boiler shop. So our comfort is sure. In the cooler evenings, when the bitter wind is sweeping the campus and encircling our abodes with lashing snow, we will be cozily reading in our warm rooms, absorbing knowledge at the study-table, and enjoying music in the whizzing wind.

We are all here for work. An Improvement Association has been organized among faculty and students that promises to make our academy the South Lancaster of the West. Our spare moments this year are to be consecrated on the one aim of making this a better school, improving and beautifying the buildings and campus, and developing a prosperous forty-acre farm. We have set our aims high and intend to reach them because we believe that God intends ours should be a model school.

Starting at one corner of the place, we are improving every foot,---clearing land, straightening fences, destroying rubbish, and making permanent repairs. This moment three of our husky boys are sending stumps high

in the air, sweeping over the ground to make way for the plow.

Our land is fertile and level, and promises good results. A blossoming orchard, rich gardens and broad grain fields will be our reward.

This year's academic work is well under way. Two studies are omitted, running next term in place of two others. This permits a one session plan with seven forty-minute periods besides chapel. Because of the convenient arrangement of class rooms, no time is lost between classes. So the periods are practically equivalent to the forty-five-minute periods of larger schools.

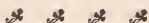
The laboratory work is to be thorough; the usual experiments common to High School courses will be performed.

The chapel exercises are now held in the chapel above the class rooms instead of in the assembly room below. The assembly room on the main floor is to be converted into a library and reading room. The room is well lighted, commodious, neatly furnished and well arranged for a library. Library tables and an additional bank for the books shall be made. The books are increasing in number by donations and the library fee. The Harvard Classics are coming. The library science class will soon be classifying the books and constructing the cards and catalogs.

To all the above, the Academy Concert Band will furnish the music, healing the wounds of discouragement,

reminding us of our ideals and spurring us on to reach them.

Over all, The Forestonian keeps a watchful eye.



THE FALL PICNIC

Lillie G. Shafer

WITH the exception of commencement day, perhaps the most enjoyable part of the school year is the annual Fall picnic held by the students, teachers and patrons of Forest Home. This day is looked forward to with pleasant anticipation by the old students, and the curiosity of the new ones is not a little aroused as they see the enthusiasm manifest by all who have ever participated in the pleasures of the day.

Of course this year must not pass without our Fall picnic; and long before the consent of the faculty had been obtained, the students were waiting, not very patiently, for some bright sunshiny day, that they might impress more forcibly upon the minds of the faculty the necessity of this important feature of the school year.

Wednesday, Oct. 14, dawned bright and clear and with its cheer came the glad news that school would be dismissed and every one prepare to start for the picnic grounds at eleven o'clock. All was hurry and bustle about the kitchen; for the lunch must be prepared---that part of the day which everyone joins in with the heartiest good will.

At half past eleven we were all landed on a beautiful spot on the banks of a nearby stream. The young folks entertained themselves by playing some of those old familiar games which have grown to be a part of the occasion, while the lady patrons spread the delicious lunch. The games were willingly discontinued at the summons to lunch and all did ample credit to the dainties set before them.

There is always something so fascinating about a picnic dinner that one is sometimes constrained to go beyond the bounds of etiquette before he remembers that he is a Forest Home student.

For the benefit of those who had never been to Big Rock, it was decided that we should go to that place and scale its rugged heights. The walk from the grounds to the foot of the Rock is just long enough to prepare one for the steep climb ahead. But no time was wasted; for in every direction could be seen a zoology student after some living creature that might make a good specimen; a human head was not infrequently seen caught in the net of an active zoologist.

The view from the summit of the Rock was beautiful. It is surrounded on three sides by the foothills while to the north-west lies the quiet village and the green meadows. The red and golden autumn leaves added much to the beauty of the scene.

We felt disposed to remain longer viewing the
(Continued on page 12.)



Miss Bell

Miss Houde

Professor Baber

Miss Lofgren

Miss Moore

Professor Nelson

The Forestonian

Issued Monthly by the Students of Forest Home Academy

Ed. F. Degering, Editor

Regenia O. Kearn,

Virgil C. Becraft,

Lillie G. Shafer,

Jess. J. Degering,

Associate Editors

Managers

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We seem very much alarmed that all Europe is engaged in war; that hundreds, thousands and millions of men have mustered arms and gone to the front; that not one falters, but that all are determined to win.

But why should we be so alarmed? Why so perplexed? Has not the whole world been engaged in battle before? and, is it not today? Is there not a battle being waged on the arena of every life? A conflict that is to settle our destiny. A strife for eternity.

Yet how few seem alarmed. How few perplexed. How few that have ever given their condition a serious thought. But why? Have you not time to plan for the future? Have you not time to build for eternity?

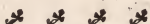
The battle is sure; the strife must come; you must conquer or be conquered. "The world is full of the possible; but you've got to fight to win it," has been very aptly penned and contains truths that should be indelibly stamped on every heart.

The field is broad; the conflict long; the number of the enemy great. Yet we are forced to fight or run.

Thousands have fled before you. Are you going to stand?

All the forces of evil are lined up against us determined to win, perhaps they are gradually retreating, if so well, but beware lest they make an attack and overcome while we slumber.

We must keep awake, keep on guard, and fight: fight till the victory is won, till the last possibility of defeat has been banished forever; till, landed on the Golden Shores of Eternity, we are crowned "lord of self" and "son of God."



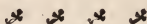
We hope that you have become well acquainted with Professor Baber thru the biography that appeared in the first number of our paper; for we want you to become thoroly acpuainted with the faculty, the students, the school, and the work that is being done at Forest Home.

In this number you will find an introduction to Professor Andrew N. Nelson, our preceptor and science teacher, and an article by him setting forth the prospects of Forest Home and the opportunities of its loyal students.

We feel that you are all well acquainted with the other members of the faculty, as they were all here last year. However, the saying "that no one ever outgrows their place until they have first filled it" does not apply. They are not here because they can not be used elsewhere, but because the school needs them and can not apparently get along without them.

THE FALL PICNIC---Continued from page 8.

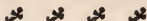
beauties of nature but our time must be limited if we would reach home e'er the shades of night gather round us. A rapid decent was made and we were soon in view of our homes where stern duties awaited us. Of course we were all tired, but much happier because of the day's recreation.



THE FIRST, THE BEST

Lester G. Steck

When one sits down to a meal the first mouthful of each dish seems to be the richest and most tasty of the whole dish. The first meal you ate after you reached home for your summer vacation seemed the best that your mother cooked during your whole stay. The story you have heard several times was the best the first time you heard it; so likewise, when this life of sorrow is all over and we land on the Golden Shores of Eternity, then will the first indeed be best; for there will be no last.



A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT

E. N. Sargeant

I often think of Forest Home and the two pleasant years that I spent there, and it does me good to see those that I tried to help while there forging along and preparing for responsibility. (From correspondence.)

EVENING SONG

Softly now the twilight deepens,
Night is drawing near,
Birds are nestled in the treetops,
Hushed their songs of cheer.

Naught disturbs the tranquil hours
While fair nature sleeps;
Save the cooing of the nestling
As it softly cheeps.

Daisies fold their dainty petals,
Lilies droop their heads,
Primroses have long been sleeping,
Dewy grass their bed.

Then there comes from out the village
Notes of village bells,
Softly pealing, softly tolling,
'Tis the village bells.

Chime on, chime on, bells of evening,
Ring a lullabye
As the mother dove while crooning
Faithful watches by.

Darkest shadows now have settled,
Bells have ceased to ring;
Sweet repose has stilled the sylvan
While we softly sing.

Academy Brevities

Professor Baber met with the conference committee at Auburn, October the 8th.

Miss Gertrude Nelson recently spent a few days at her home in Seattle.

Mrs. Winifred Bardo visited at C. B. Evilsisor's the 16th and 17th.

The latest definition for "wind" was framed by a member of the Primary Department. He defined it as follows: "Wind is air in a hurry."

The "Never Give Up Improvement Association" has already started action. Its first move was to set fire to the two magnificent black stumps that adorned the east side of the campus.

One month of school is past and with its close came the dreaded exams. But we found the teachers more human than they looked to be, for most of the students were well pleased with their grades.

Ordination services were conducted on Sabbath, Oct. 10, by Elder Boynton. Professor Conard was ordained Elder to fill the vacancy made by the death of Elder MacMoran. Mr. Lowe was ordained deacon.

Mrs Lanches who held the position of Matron at the Academy for the first month of school, was forced to give up her position on account of ill health. Miss Pearl Houde has filled the vacancy made by the resignation.

Miss Viola Scott visited over Sabbath with home-folk in Seattle, October 10.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Virgil Adams, a former student of Forest Home Academy, as a member of the Academy Concert Band.

Professor Nelson made a trip to Seattle the 4th for the purpose of paying a farewell visit to his friend and schoolmate, Kay Adams, who with his wife is leaving for the mission fields of India.

There has been some change as to the place of assembling for chapel. At the sound of the bell the students march from the assembly room to the church room above where the chapel services are conducted.

We were glad to hear the cheering remarks given by Elder Boynton at chapel hour one day last week. He spoke of the many changes in the Academy and its surroundings during the past five years. It is encouraging to know that these changes are all for the best. We hope that the next five years shall show a greater improvement than the previous years.

Weddings are of interest no matter where they may occur, and that Forest Home is not an exception was proven Wednesday the 14th, when Miss Blanche Rice of Salem became the bride of Mr. Clifford Favor. The young couple arrived at the home of the groom's parents Friday and the following night were pleasantly surprised upon receiving a kitchen shower, and also a rice shower, given by a number of their many friends.



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The world is full of people that it does not need. Are you among that number? --- From a chapel talk.